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SERMON XXXIII.*

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SPIRITUAL SOWING AND REAPING.

"ONE soweth and another reapeth."—JOHN 4: 37.

THE grand, specific object of the Christian ministry is the glory of God in the salvation of the souls of men. With the eye and the spirit of the commiserating Master, it looks upon a world alienated from God by wicked works, and under his wrath and curse; and, bearing with it the credential of its divinely-appointed office, it goes forth amid the sins and miseries of a ruined race, while the intellect and the affections, the mind and heart, are still but in a state of pupillage, to mould the character of the object of its sympathies and solitudes for an immortality of righteousness and bliss. Unnumbered agencies in the material and moral world are employed to secure the purposes of Infinite Mercy. All these are important aids or instrumentalities; for each, in the arrange-

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ment of Infinite Wisdom, has its specific, appropriate, needful office to fulfill.

Prominent amid the agencies employed as the most important, the most effective, and the most exalted, is the ministry of reconciliation, the office-work, of the living preacher. As a sower he is sent forth to cast the seed of divine truth over the great field of deathless mind spread out before him, on which the eye of the Lord himself is ever resting, as the scene where character is forming and destiny ripening for the ingathering of the coming harvest of eternal weal or woe.

The salvation of the soul necessarily embraces not only its elevation from a state of sin to a state of grace, but all that subsequent discipline by which it is made more especially meet for the enjoyment of the inheritance of the saints in light.

The first object of the apostles was to make men *Christians*, and then to train them up for efficient service here and for greater glory and more exalted work in another sphere of service. They labored assiduously to induce men to *accept* the terms of mercy. To the specific work of bringing them to repentance were their efforts mainly directed; and thus they realized the spirit and import of the command of their ascending Lord: "Go ye, therefore, and disciple—*matheteusate*—all nations." When the persecuting Saul of Tarsus was made "a Christian man and a Christian minister," he received *this* commission from his risen Master: "I send thee to open the eyes of the Gentiles, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in me." Repentance was the burden of the Redeemer's preaching, as it had been of his who heralded his coming, and who predicted, as near at hand, the kingdom of God. Such is still the burden of the faithful preacher's mission; and the ardent desire of his heart and the one grand object of his effort is to make of the bond-slaves of sin, freed-men in Christ Jesus—it is to introduce them into the fold of the glorious Shepherd. As an under-shepherd—a *pastor*—is he to *feed* the ingathered lambs and sheep. *Their* nurture and safety and constant improvement are to be ever cared for and diligently sought, while still remains, as a prominent duty, the work of ingathering—the work of discipling. He sows the seed in reference to that end.

But the *sower* may not always be the *reaper*; for "*one* soweth and *another* reapeth." This proverbial expression was used by the divine Teacher as, upon an interesting occasion, with his disciples, he sat at Jacob's well, near Sychar.

My present discussion demands no particular reference to the circumstances which led to the conversation, nor to the expression of an opinion as to the Saviour's purposed special application of the truth he uttered. It is a proverb known in its verification in

the varied relations and avocations of life, where one is found to complete a work which another had begun, or to gather in the harvest where another had sown the seed, or to secure a recompense which a previous laborer had mainly earned; and its appropriate reference to those who are sent to labor in the great harvest-field of souls is apparent—there is it fully verified.

In the prosecution of my design I am led

I. To remark, as underlying the suggestive truth of the proverb, that a succession of varied influences and agencies are often needful for the accomplishment of a purposed result.

The world is full of illustrations of this principle. It is seen in the succession and combination of varied physical forces and agencies in the production of many of the startling and important results of natural science. It is seen in the developments of God's wise providential operations and his dealings with his creatures. The history of the race is a continued illustration of the truth. Every department of animate and of inanimate existence proves it. Deep in mid-ocean a zoöphyte has its chemical laboratory. Day after day, and month after month, it labors with materials furnished by the element in which it lives, preparing from such materials during life, and precipitating, by its decay, fine particles of carbonite of lime, wherewith to construct its enduring edifice. Generations upon generations, in countless numbers, of these skillful artisans, live and die, each drawing from the surrounding great store-house its material, and each doing its appropriate work, until the coral reef, upshooting above the crested wave, reveals the result of centuries of patient toil, and becomes with its prolific soil (itself the result of still other agencies, long at work) the fit habitation for man, who is there, amid varied influences, to work out the problem of his *own* immortal destiny.

And so of many of the striking achievements of human genius and of natural science, where, although the principal meed of praise may be awarded to some *one* by whom the result hath been fully developed, there yet hath been employed varied and multiplied and independent agencies and influences, each absolutely needful in its appropriate place for the attainment of that result.

These results spring not in their completeness (as did the fabled goddess of pagan mythology spring full armored from the head of Jupiter) from the brain of any favored son of genius, nor are they wrought out by a *single* pair of hands, nor by all the powers combined of a single workman; they are the products of the thinkings and the doings of many minds and hands, and of many and of multiform agencies, all harmoniously working for the accomplishment of a specific

end. Like the apparently complicated machinery of Ezekiel's vision:

"Wheels encircling wheels must run
Each in course to bring it on."

Equally true is it in spiritual things, or in matters pertaining to the interests of another world, and the kingdom of Christ. No grand moral effect has ever been produced since the fall of man, which has not been the result of multiplied agencies previously, and often for a protracted period, at work.

So was it in that memorable phenomenon which marked the sixteenth century. Well remarks a recent writer (Conant): "Great preparatory processes, commensurate with the thousand years that preceded it, though perhaps inscrutable as yet to our philosophy, were doubtless wrought in secret and disguise under all the dark history of Romanized Europe in the middle ages; for out of that mysterious laboratory of the Holy Spirit and Divine Providence 'in the fullness of time' sprang the stupendous spiritual movement of the Reformation. Not, indeed, of any virtue in the chaotic materials, but by virtue of an indwelling Spirit, who, far from having forsaken the Church, had doubtless never for one hour suspended his all-wise and almighty work, though *lost to human view* and almost forgotten by man, until the offspring of the wondrous task was ready for the birth. It was a spiritual spring-time, awakening at the word of God out of the profound depth of wintry desolation, but not without a patient sowing of precious seed long previous, and an unconscious softening and preparation of the common heart by Divine Providence." And so was it in anticipation of the great awakening of the eighteenth century, previous to which an almost unprecedented dearth of religion and deterioration of morals prevailed. Painful yet glorious was the work committed to the favored few who still retained the spirit of the Reformation. Stripped by lordly but narrow-minded bigotry, and emptied of every thing but Christ, the believers of the time became preëminent in faith and patience in the midst of overwhelming wickedness. "Nor was it given them to *see aught* of the great issue of their weak and despised labors. They sowed in tears, and, but for Christ, in despair; wasting and diminishing, they sowed on, while the seed fell into the ground and died, the wintry-autumn grew more desolate and sere, and one by one they closed their eyes on frozen fields of buried grain, which seemed to mock the hope of resurrection. But the spring-time was at hand, and the harvesters of God were already preparing to go forth to the greatest ingathering of souls that English eyes had ever seen." "One soweth and another reapeth." But the principle finds its apt illustration in that which more immediately appertains

to our official work, the salvation of the individual souls of men effected by human instrumentalities.

No one reaps either in the *natural* or *moral* world, and especially in the latter, where no one sows, and the ingathering bespeaks the previous existence not only of the sower, but a multiplicity of favoring influences and efforts, exerted and put forth it may be by agents often unknown in their very existence and coöperation to him who realizes the *result*. So is it with the conversion of a sinner. It is unquestionably the general, if not the invariable, ordering of heavenly wisdom that the introduction of a perishing child of Adam into the kingdom of Christ be a *resultant* effect, or an effect produced by a combination of moral forces—a combination or succession of impressions made by different instrumentalities and at different times, each of which, while it prepares the subject of it for the result, is, in the economy of God's gracious purpose, absolutely needful in its independent influence for the attainment of that effect; the first and each successive impression being *as necessary* as the last which, completing the series of causes, develops the grand result. The idea is, that to no *one* human agent or instrumentality is the salvation of the sinner, ordinarily, to be solely ascribed. Thus speaks a recent author: "In this world man is educated for eternity. Sympathies and solitudes are exhausted upon him that find no such fitting objects in the universe. Nor may it be forgotten that, under every one of *these influences*, he is making his way to the splendors of a throne or to outer darkness. The Holy One makes him the pupil of his providence and truth, giving him line upon line, precept upon precept, and commissioning *unnumbered agencies* in the natural and moral world to show to him the path of life." Neander thus expresses the same idea: "The transition from an unchristian to a Christian state is not an event altogether sudden and without any preparatory steps. Many separate rays of divine light, at different times, enter the soul; various influences of awakening preparatory grace are felt before the birth of that new divine life by which the character of man is destined to be taken possession of, pervaded and transformed."

It is not meant that there exists in the heart of the natural man a germ of righteousness which, by proper and continued culture, may be so developed as to constitute the man a Christian; for, being totally depraved, the culture of what is in him would be but the development of a monster of iniquity. Nor is it meant that *regeneration* or *conversion* is in any such a progressive work. The very nature of the change shows that it must be instantaneous. No unregenerate soul can gradually *grow* into a regenerate state. The transition admits not of degrees. The duration of the process of the actual change no created mind may estimate. Still may we say, that there is usually in the conversion of the sinner, or rather

in its antecedents, the operation of a law of growth or progression. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a *hammer* that *breaketh* the rock in pieces?" The rock is not broken by a single blow. Stroke after stroke is needful, each producing its effect, and preparing for the result, the *fracture*, when the last is given. Not one of those blows could be spared without staying the result, and yet it was the last alone by which it was actually accomplished. So is it with the instrumentalities God is pleased to employ in accomplishing his designs of mercy in the salvation of the souls of men. *One* may prepare the soil, a *second* may sow the seed, a *third* may water it, while *neither* may reap the harvest, for the certain ingathering of which, however, each shall have done an absolutely necessary work. Yea, in many cases, it may be that a *thousand* varied influences are brought to bear upon the mind and heart, each producing its impression, greater or less, and each absolutely necessary as a link in the divinely-constituted chain of causes and effects, to bring and bind the soul eternally to the throne of God as a subject of his regenerating grace.

II. But *I pass to remark secondly*, that while an immediate and constant ingathering of souls should be the ceaseless aim and constant desire of the Christian minister, yet disappointment here is not necessarily evidence of failure in the prosecution of his appropriate work.

The laborer may not always reap the fruit of the seed he sows. If faithful to his trust, he may not be disheartened or discouraged. Nothing is more certain than that it were vanity and presumption for any one who ministers at the altar to anticipate the ingathering of precious souls into the fold of Christ, through his instrumentality, if his heart glow not with a strong desire for their salvation, and he cherish not a deep abiding concern for it. It may cost him nights of restlessness and days of pressing care and toil, but if he be true to the commission with which he is intrusted, he will meet the cost and have his heart fully set on the one great purpose to which he has consecrated all his energies. He will watch for souls as one who "must give account, that he may do it with joy and not with grief." To some extent he will be able to sympathize with the weeping prophet as he exclaims: "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people;" and with Paul, who "had great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart because of the condition of the perishing, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God for them was, that they might be saved." Catching the spirit of Ezekiel, he will breathe his fervent prayer, as the sad spectacle of the dead is ever uprising to his vision: "Come from the four winds, O Breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Such should be the desire

and such the aim of him who hopes for fruit. And his should also be the expectation of success, as he has a divine warrant for his encouragement: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Thus may the sower of the divine word see in every *drop* of water that falls to fertilize the earth the symbol and the pledge of success. The encouraging exhortation and assurance of the Apostle are: "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season *we shall reap* if *we faint* not." And the Psalmist had previously said for the sower's consolation: "He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Such are the divine intimations given to cheer and encourage the heart of him, who, longing for the salvation of a lost world, goes forth to do his Master's bidding in the work assigned him. Nor will the expectations, the desires, and the hopes of his servants be, usually, disappointed.

Immediate success, to a greater or less extent, frequently crowns the labors of the spiritual husbandman. True, he who *tills the soil* may not expect to gather in his *harvest* while he is yet engaged in sowing his seed, but *he* who labors for *souls* may behold *this very* phenomenon. Like some trees in southern climes, the bud, the blossom, and the ripened fruit are clustered close together. Said the Saviour, as he sat at that well at Samaria: "There are *yet* four months, and *then* cometh harvest." The seed was sown, and the harvest *would* come at its appointed regular season, *yet* four months distant. But "*behold*," continued the divine Teacher, "I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white *already* to harvest." Had he spoken of the literal fields spread out before him, it would have been a strange, unheard-of anomaly, contrary to the orderings of Providence; not so, however, of the spiritual harvest there and then to be gathered. A gracious ingathering of *souls* was to be enjoyed, and the words were uttered as he saw the multitudes hastening from the city to receive his message. Thus is it the privilege of the devoted pastor to enjoy rich tokens of the Spirit's presence, even while he sows the seed. He is not usually left without accumulating seals of his ministry, and the vision of Amos is realized in his blessed experience: "The plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."

Still is it too true that the bitter lamentation of the prophet is sometimes *wrung* from the preacher's lips, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" and, brooding over the dreary prospect which the

valley of dry bones presents, and *seeing* no immediate correspondent fruit of his prayers and labors, he may be tempted to despondency. Thus was it with Elijah, the late earnest, intrepid servant of God. He had labored for the reformation of degenerate Israel, and hoped to see, under the tokens of the divine presence, Ahab, the weak king, and Jezebel, the impious queen, yielding to the claims of their rightful sovereign, and putting away from them and Israel the demon gods they worshiped. But Jezebel breathed out but fiercer denunciations against the man of God. Discouraged because his wishes were not gratified in the full and immediate accomplishment of *all* at which he aimed, deserting his post of duty, he fled to the wilderness, where, under a juniper-tree, the disheartened man gave expression to his fretted spirit and prayed that he might die. If not to the same extent, yet measurably is the minister of Christ now sometimes tempted to sit down in despondency, indulging, it may be, unhallowed complaints against God. "*What doest thou here, Elijah?*" was the inquiry which aroused the spirit of the disheartened seer, and he went forth again to do his Master's work. So, when yielding to a similar spirit, should we hear the same voice urging still to duty, with the assurance that if we "cast our bread—or seed—upon the waters, we shall find it after many days."

This spirit of despondency, moreover, in view of a supposed failure in the work assigned us, may be the result of misapprehension, for the *success* of the faithful minister is not always immediately *apparent*. Impressions are often made of which, at the time, we know nothing, of which we have no suspicion, and of which, though efficient for good, we may continue to be ignorant, until we receive the reward of faithfulness in another world.

And thus he who sows may be preparing the way for a rich harvest, though the ingathering be by other hands. "There are," says Olshausen, "preachers who *sow* as well as preachers who *reap*." And as sowing is an absolute pre-requisite to the reaping, so may they who are engaged in the work, though they witness not the harvest, rejoice in the privilege of *sowing the seed*. That seed may lie buried long, and all expectation of its germination may be abandoned, while yet it hath vitality, and a future day will reward the laborer as he shall reap the ripened fruit.

A grain of corn was recently taken from the withered hand of an Egyptian mummy. There had it lain since that body was embalmed, thousands upon thousands of years gone by. Revolution hath followed revolution since that Egyptian's death. Mighty empires have arisen and passed away. Successive generations of men have appeared upon the stage of life, have acted each its part, and given way to its successor, while there in the death-grasp of that once-living member of our race, that grain of corn hath rested until the curious traveler but lately found it, seized it and com-

mitted it to the earth, and we have actually looked upon the expansion of that germ so long concealed, and have gazed upon the ripened grain multiplied to a thousandfold. Thus, by its successful cultivation in our day has a link been formed, binding the nineteenth century of the Christian era to that distant period of pagan Egypt's history. And so an impression (secret and unnoticed as it may be) made to day and held in the grasp of time, may become a link binding together the season of spiritual sowing with the rich ingathering of the distant but certain harvest.

But the inquiry of the prophet, "Who hath believed our report?" may be not only the anxious and emphatic but the *legitimate* utterance of the heart of the faithful pastor, as over the field committed to his care for culture, he looks and can find, for the time being, no evidence whatever that his ministry is productive of good to any soul. Fearfully increased does he now feel his responsibility to be, and with almost crushing pressure upon his heart is the conviction that his labors, designed for good, will necessarily be but the more aggravated condemnation of his hearers, for they will be a savor of *death unto death* to those who heed not his message. He sees around him his fellow-probationers of time hastening onward to the retributions of a world of woe. He fain would stay them in their mad career of sin and lead them to Christ, to peace, and heaven. To him is committed the ministry of the word of life; and as a sower he goes forth with an anxious spirit and with purpose firm to do what he can to secure a favorable result. The seed is sown; but lo! it falls by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among thorns; no blade springs up to bear its thirty or its sixtyfold. Then comes the thought to move the deep emotions of his soul, that by his every effort to *save* he is but the occasion of his hearers' filling up the more rapidly the measure of their iniquity, and of *his* peopling the world of sorrow with sinners of a more aggravated criminality. He knows that every sermon that is preached is making an impression never to be obliterated, and producing an effect never to terminate—an impression and an effect not to be fully understood nor measured until made manifest amid the solemnities of the eternal world. But painful as is the conviction that the abuse of God's mercy, as exhibited in the ministry he exercises, is the aggravation of the sinner's guilt and misery, he still may derive consolation and encouragement in the faithful prosecution of his work from the assurance that his fidelity will be accepted of his Master. His faithfulness, and not the measure of his success, will be his commendation with God; for we, the ministers of Christ, are unto God "a sweet savor of Christ," not only "in them that are saved, but also in them that perish;" so that whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, if he but *faithfully* speak God's Word, the preacher meets the requisition of his divine commission and glorifies God. He is sent forth to *sow*, not commanded to *reap*. He is

bidden to preach the Gospel in all fidelity, not to convert souls. This is the sole prerogative of Him whose servant—highly honored ambassador—he is. "The field," one well remarks, "yields flowers and fruits that are swollen with the dew and redolent with the odors of heaven, even when trodden under foot of men. And though in gathering the harvest but here and there a single sheaf, if any, be found, while the field is covered with tares, the reaper shall come home with rejoicing. He has done a work for God which will not be forgotten, even though his sweetest hopes have suffered sad defeat." Speaking of Henry Martyn, when at Dinapore he labored amid many discouragements, and without apparent success, his biographer remarks: "Had he not sought and found refuge in the omnipotence of Christ, soon would he have been sunk into despondency." "Let me labor for fifty years," wrote the devoted missionary himself, "'mid scorn and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for *my soul in eternity*, nor even worse for it in time. Though the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing, the Lord Jesus, who controls all events, is *my FRIEND, my MASTER, my GOD, my ALL*."

Thus is it, while an immediate and constant ingathering of souls should be the ceaseless aim and earnest desire of the Christian minister, yet disappointment here is not necessarily evidence of failure in the prosecution of his work, nor is it necessarily the forfeiture of the commendation and recompense of his adorable Master.

But if he who labors faithfully sowing the seed, should not, under any circumstances, be discouraged or desponding,

III. So I remark thirdly: neither should the spiritual reaper unduly exult because of his ingathering of the harvest.

If the position taken be correct, namely, that in the orderings of heavenly Wisdom the conversion of a sinner is, ordinarily, under God, the result of a series of impressions produced, it may be, by varied instrumentalities and agencies, and during a period more or less protracted, then surely may not he whose ministry for good, be it what it may, made the *last needful* impression, take honor to himself, even were it proper for the instrument *ever* to boast of success in effort. To such, amid all his legitimate rejoicing, the Saviour may truthfully say, and often with peculiar emphasis: "I sent you to reap *that* whereon ye bestowed (comparatively) no labor; *other men labored* and ye have entered into their labor." Paul, speaking of his co-laborers, says: "As a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and *another* buildeth thereon." Truly *one man soweth* and *another reapeth* the fruits of his laborious, faithful, pains-taking effort.

In the whole economy of divine grace, special care seems to be taken to give the instrument no proper occasion for self-gratula-

tion or vain boasting. The *subject* of regenerating grace is humbled in spirit by the very process of his renewal and exaltation. All the glory is seen to belong to God. So the instrumentalities employed to accomplish the work can find nothing whereof to *boast*, nothing to foster spiritual pride or self-exaltation. That the salvation of souls is immediately dependent on the sovereign grace of God is of *itself* sufficient to stay any emotion or thought of fancied excellence in the instrument. Paul *planted*, Apollos *watered*, but *God* gave the increase; so neither is he that *planted*, *any thing*, neither he that *watered*, but *God* that giveth the increase. Howsoever learned or simple the instructions of the pulpit, howsoever rich and varied, or howsoever well adapted and spiritual—though spoken by Gabriel himself, or with the persuasive eloquence of the brightest seraph, most impotent must it be if it have not the superadded power of that seraph's God. *What* then may an earthen vessel, a frail, sinful, erring man, hope to accomplish without the Spirit's efficient presence! God's everlasting strength is absolutely needful; without it the work is vain, all effort abortive, all sowing without profit. Nor can the instrument accomplish aught as an instrument, except as he is qualified by this same sovereign grace. So felt Paul in reference to his own qualifications. "By the *grace of God* I am what I am." If a successful laborer *He* makes me such, "and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all," (and more successfully, he might have added,) "yet not *I*, but the *grace of God*, which was with me." Not only was the consideration sufficient to stay all unhallowed boasting with the Apostle, but he makes the emphatic and humbling inquiry of the teachers of the Church of Corinth, and through them of all: "*Who* maketh thee to differ from another? and *what* hast thou that thou didst not *receive*? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst *not* received it? Where is *boasting* then? It is excluded."

But more especially is it so from the fact that *he* who is *ultimately* the means of bringing a fellow-sinner to a saving knowledge of Christ, is often performing, instrumentally, but a part, and a very small part, it may be, of the preparatory work needful to insure the result. Cause for praise and thanksgiving he has for the honor conferred upon him as a reaper, but no cause for *boasting*, as though by his own power or holiness he had made the spiritual cripple to walk in the way of life, or as though the work had been wrought by his sole agency.

IV. I pass to note, fourthly, (*what is rather an inference from the statement made*,) the importance of improving every opportunity of usefulness. And the reference here is not alone to those who minister at the altar, but to all upon whom are the vows of discipleship.

If the salvation of a soul be usually the result of a divinely instituted *series* of impressions made by varied influences, and exerted by varied agents or instrumentalities, then may we not fail to see that in reference to the destiny of souls within the range of our influence, life is invested with great, fearful responsibilities. Agencies are perpetually at work for the weal or woe eternal of every sinful probationer of earth; and as those for his good are under the control of the children of God, *who* may say that the failure to embrace and to improve a single favorable opportunity of doing good, may not be the failure to supply a link in the chain, or one of a *series* of impressions absolutely needful in its completion, to secure the salvation of that soul? Who may be assured that he is *not* the occasion of the perdition of a soul by such neglect? I feel the pressure of this thought! It invests each duty and responsibility, each act and word, each day and hour of life with its deep solemnity. Far-reaching may be such duty and responsibility, such word and act, even into the very midst of the destinies of immortal souls in a world of retribution. And many of these things which bear directly upon the spiritual interests of others are apparently very small, and hence apt to be overlooked and undervalued in their influence. Unequal as may be the links, each is needful in its place or the integrity or continuity of the chain is broken. And the history of man is replete with illustrations of the fact that the destiny of souls is often eternally established by apparently very small things. The daily life of *every* Christian, be he clerical or lay, is crowded full of *little* opportunities of doing good. We need not seek them, they are ever at hand; but we are apt to overlook them because to our short-sighted vision their frequently far-extending influence is not perceived.

On the steps of the Old South Church, at Boston, there recently stood a woman who was unwilling to permit little opportunities of usefulness to pass by unimproved. An union prayer-meeting was about to commence in that consecrated building. As there she stood, a stranger to her, and a stranger in the place, was in the providence of God at the moment passing by: "Young man," said she, in accents of Christian kindness, "you are just in time; come in." He accepted the invitation, was there convicted of sin, and on that very day became a consecrated child of God. He returned to his native village to tell what had been done for his soul, and to labor for others' good. That kind invitation was, in a sense, a very small thing, and yet it awakened sympathy in angelic hearts and caused an anthem in heaven, for it saved a soul from hell. What if that little thing had not been done! What if that opportunity of doing good had not been embraced! Perhaps that anthem of joy then sung in paradise would never be or have been sounded there; and who then would have been, though unwittingly, the occasion of the loss of that soul? In reference to this

subject, startling revelations will undoubtedly be made—in the light of another, a predicted day, now rapidly hastening on. But I must pass,

V. To note briefly *the recompense* of both sower and reaper. The adorable Redeemer assures us that they shall rejoice *together*, while each shall receive his appropriate reward. "He that *reapeth* receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto eternal life, that both he that *soweth* and he that *reapeth* may rejoice *together*." "Now he that *planteth* and he that *watereth* (and he that *reapeth*, the apostle might have added, for it is implied) are *one*, and every man shall receive according to his own labor." All, then, whose efforts to win souls to Christ harmoniously unite, although their work be different, "*are one*," inasmuch as the efforts of all are needful and tend to the accomplishment of one grand specific result, which will be to each the cause of everlasting joy, while each will be recompensed according to the measure of faithful service rendered. "Feed," said Peter, himself an elder, to the elders, his co-laborers, "feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, and when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Said a faithful laborer, one who had both sowed and reaped: "I am now ready to be offered, and the hour of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto *all* them that love his appearing."

This is the season of action, of labor, often of severe trials, of conflicts, of discouragements, of anxieties, and wasting cares. But there *remaineth a rest* for God's faithful ministers, a blessed, glorious, everlasting rest—a rest often joyfully anticipated by the weary, care-worn laborer. The "*man-of-war*," a southern bird of peculiar instincts, is often seen, it is said, during the raging of the hurricane to rise *upward, far beyond* the scene of agitation and of strife to enjoy itself in the tranquillity of the skies above. So amid the conflict of contending elements of evil, amid which he is engaged in the prosecution of his Master's work, the man of God, with spiritual instinct endowed, looks upward, and on the wings of faith and hope ascends in spirit to a region of peace and blessedness.

But truly sweet, after the labors of the day, in sowing or in reaping, will it be to repose, *in very deed*, upon the bosom of Him for whom these efforts shall have been expended. I speak of him who shall have faithfully executed the trust committed to him. Animating indeed is the assurance of the holy seer: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

And shall not we, brethren beloved for Jesus' sake, in humble reliance on the promised and efficient grace of Him who hath commissioned us to do the work, strive so to do it that *we* may shine as *stars* in the firmament of glory forever and ever! How many and how manifold the motives which crowd upon the mind, urging to vigorous effort and untiring diligence, as we think of the nature and the object of our work and the solemn reckoning of a day of retribution and of recompense! "He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; while he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." Truly sad is *his* condition who may not with some degree of confidence say with Paul, and who may be debarred from the expression because of the conscious want of consecration to his work: "What is our *hope*, or *joy*, or crown of *rejoicing*? Are not even *ye* in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? for *ye* are our glory and joy." A ministry without fruit! a life without usefulness! a crown without a star! Angels might weep over the memory or history of such.

"If grief in heaven might find a place,
And shame the worshiper bow down,
Who meets the Saviour face to face,
'Twould be to wear a *starless* crown:

"To find in all that countless host,
Who meet before the eternal throne,
Who once, like us, were sinners lost,
Not one to say: '*You led me home.*'

"Oh! may it ne'er to me be said:
'No soul that's saved by grace divine
Has called for blessings on *thy* head,
Or linked its destiny with *thine.*'"

SERMON XXXIV.

BY REV. H. L. WAYLAND,

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THE COMET AND ITS TEACHINGS.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."—PSALM 19 : 1.

THE celestial visitor who from unknown realms has lately entered the environs of our system has during the past week made its nearest approach to the sun, and is now withdrawing from our gaze. Before it recedes entirely from sight, remembering how often in every age the aspect of the heavenly bodies has ministered to the piety of the godly, I would avail myself of the interest which its advent has created to enkindle your devotions by a view of its teachings.

Not often during the lifetime of a generation does such a phenomenon present itself. Indeed, when this wondrous creation has been seen by the eye of man, is yet an unsolved question. Perhaps it is a thousand years since it last neared our orbit; perhaps it has not adorned these heavens since it shone above the stable in Bethlehem, and guided the Eastern sages to the Messiah's presence; perhaps, traveling hither ever since the creation, it has for the first time entered the solar regions, and now having left its luminous track about the sun, it has passed on its flaming way, to revisit us no more, but to journey on, unbounded by the walls of space, never resting until the consummation of all things shall involve the heavens and earth in universal dissolution.

Let us briefly give our thoughts to the bright vision which no doubt engages the attention of other worlds beside our own, and on which the gaze of the unfallen inhabitants of celestial spheres is fixed in reverent admiration.

I. The first thought which strikes us as we look upon it, is of its beauty. When we withdraw our minds from the debasing clamor of the world, and gaze upward on the serene heavens in the quiet of evening, or in the stillness, yet deeper, of early morning, we are impressed with the simple loveliness of the object most prominent in the skies. How pure and stainless is its light! With what delicate and graceful gradations does it melt away into the deep azure! How symmetrical is its form—exactly coincident with the line of beauty! How serenely does it hold its rapid course, calm

in the consciousness of majesty and power! Never, I think, have our eyes beheld, either on earth or in heaven, a sight more radiant with splendor. And, gazing in admiration, we are impressed with a sense of the benignant love of our Father, whose unwearied affection leaves no want of our natures destitute of the means of gratification. In the exhaustless provision which he has made for our love of the beautiful, we recognize an assurance that he regards with yet tenderer care our far deeper longings, the moral wants of our souls.

II. As we gaze still further on the comet, and gain from science a knowledge of its movements, we are impressed with the supremacy of law. You wonder, perhaps, that I mention law, in connection with a body apparently so lawless, whose advent is unforeseen, whose future we may not predict, and that seems to plunge through unfathomable space uncontrolled and undirected, save by its own wild will. And yet no portion of the universe is more completely under the control of law than these bodies, once supposed to be so erratic. You are aware that whatever is within the attraction of the sun, moves upon one of three curves. To this rule there is no exception. As soon as a sufficient portion of the course of any body is known, its whole curve can be ascertained. If there is the least variation from this course, it is due to the interference of causes whose action is equally the result of system. It is to this universal supremacy of law that all the achievements of science have been due. The history of Halley's comet strikingly illustrates what I have just said. Its appearance was first remarked by scientific observers in 1682. It was found to move with a particular velocity, and along a curve of specified size and form. From these elements of calculation, Halley (an eminent astronomer of that day) computed that the period occupied in completing its course was between seventy-five and seventy-six years. Upon investigation, it was found that history recorded the appearance of a comet answering to this in all essential respects, at intervals of seventy-five years, or multiples of that number, running back even beyond the Christian era. According to Halley's estimate, it would be visible again in 1759. He died bequeathing this prediction to science. Further calculation announced the day on which the comet would be at its perihelion. As the time drew nigh, the anxious gaze of astronomers awaited its expected return. It appeared, made its nearest approach to the sun within nineteen days of the estimated time, and then retreated. More careful calculations were made as to the precise period of its return in 1835, and these predictions were fulfilled to within forty-eight hours. These slight deviations from perfect exactness were due to the influence of disturbing forces, whose existence was not then known. The vicinity of the planet

Herschel, which was not discovered until twenty-two years later, undoubtedly caused the error of nineteen days in 1759. The error in 1835 may probably be traced in part, or wholly, to Neptune, added to the list of known planets but a few years since.

The subjection of these apparently erratic bodies to fixed rules was illustrated when the comet of 1763, after receding from the sun to the distance of one hundred and forty-four thousand and six hundred millions of miles, was brought back by the sun's attractive gravitation, and returned to make its prescribed circuit about the center of our system. Had its wanderings been even more extended, it would have obeyed no less the same central force; for we know that the power of the sun's gravitation extends perceptibly throughout a sphere whose diameter is twenty thousand million million miles. Over every region which human science has explored, law is supreme. Every member of the universe, the most errant even, testifies to its authority. The blazing comet moves through each hand's-breath of its course in obedience to its control. If it describes one curve, then, by a fixed decree, whatever distance it may have traversed, how immeasurable soever or inconceivable, it returns, and the day and hour of its reappearance may be computed ages in advance. If it pass along a curve slightly differing in form, then, no less in obedience to law, it travels onward with unresting velocity to the end of time. Thus order rules our system: nay, it erects its throne and sways its scepter over distant worlds, and over the unfathomable space stretching into infinity. Alas! that man alone, bound to his Maker by so many ties of duty and of gratitude, should violate his commands and defy his power!

Now has it not occurred to you, that the supremacy of physical, is a guarantee for the authority and permanence of moral law; that the same Being who has established the one, has pledged his veracity to the maintenance of the other; that he who causes the heavenly bodies to move in their assigned orbits, and whose faithfulness to the promise given by his past actions has never been impeached—that it is he who has declared, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and has authorized the announcement, that "there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus Christ? Will the one class of decrees be suspended any more than the other? The rapid coursers of the sky strive in vain to pass beyond the confines of physical law; they return, summoned by its irresistible command. Can you transcend the domains of moral law? Not until you see the attraction of gravitation reversed, and the order that reigns in the universe overturned, may you expect to witness any abrogation of the penalty of unpardoned sin.

III. A further knowledge of the facts connected with this

phenomenon, impresses us with the magnitude of the universe. Let us endeavor to form some idea of its vastness, although the measurements well nigh defy computation or expression. You are aware that the comet now visible is distant from us, when at its nearest point, fifty-two million of miles; and that its luminous train is fifteen millions of miles in length. Of the space which it traverses we can have some idea, when reminded that it moves, at its greatest velocity, four million of miles in a day. But this is by no means the most vast of these beings in its measurements. The comet of 1680 had a train a hundred million miles in length, and traveled at the rate of a million miles an hour. Yet, moving at this velocity, it required six hundred years to complete its orbit. The comet of 1673, as I have already said, reached the distance of one hundred and forty-four thousand and six hundred millions of miles from the sun. Other comets occupy thousands of years in describing their circuit; and rapid as we know their motion to be, what vast regions must they not pass over during periods so extended! But all these estimates pale into insignificance, when we think of those bodies that visit the earth but once, that have been moving at a rate utterly inconceivable from the dawn of creation; that having revolved about the sun, return and pursue again their course with the same speed onward to the end of duration. How boundless must be the fields of space they traverse!

Consider now that the greater part of these bodies, wide as is their range, are yet members of our system; do not go beyond the limits of the sun's attraction; and are, when most remote from us, far within the confines of the solar regions. Even at a distance of four thousand million miles, the comet of 1682 was less remote from us than is the planet Herschel, and far nearer than is the more recently discovered planet Neptune. And these planets, remote as they are, are almost immeasurably nearer than the bodies outside our system. The star nearest of all to the earth is estimated to be distant from us sixty million million miles.

And if this be the distance of the nearest star, of one that is luminous to our eyes, what shall we say of those stars whose existence is detected only by the most powerful instruments, of those which are so remote, as to present, even to the telescope, no distinct and separate image, but whose rays blend with those of many other similar luminaries to form a nebula? While we stand awed with the vastness of these conceptions, we learn that astronomers have discovered a point, far in remote space, which is, they affirm, the center of the entire universe. There are, then, beyond this point regions as immense as those which lie between us and the universal center.

And how numberless are the bodies inhabiting this measureless expanse! We begin with our system. The sun is surrounded by its planets; these by their attendant satellites. Among these bo-

dies comets are moving, whose number Arago estimates at three and a half millions, and other men of science at upwards of seven millions. But what is our system, compared with the universe at large? Absolutely nothing. The heaven is crowded with stars, even to the unaided eye. We apply a glass to assist our vision, and the number is multiplied indefinitely. We avail ourselves of instruments of still greater compass, and presently, to our amazement, the milky-way, and the other nebulae, that seemed but flecks on the surface of the sky, reveal themselves as composed of individual and distinct stars. Science has estimated the number of heavenly bodies, which the best telescopes can discover, at from eighty to a hundred millions.

But what is the character of these orbs? Are they of inconsiderable magnitude? We may form some idea of their size from the fact, that at the distance of so many million million miles they are yet visible and luminous. Their remoteness also teaches us that they can not receive their light from our luminary. They must themselves be sources of light. Astronomy tells us that each of these stars is a sun, transcendently larger and brighter than our sun. The star Sirius is seen to illuminate all the heavens about him with a ruddy glow. But is our sun made for himself alone? Does he not rather exist to diffuse his light and heat over many dependent worlds? And those suns above, brighter than ours, and larger, do they exist each for himself only? No doubt, each of them is surrounded by attendant worlds which are of greater magnitude, and more numerous, than the members of our system, as those suns are more glorious than is ours. And these worlds are attended by their satellites; and each of these millions of systems has, if we may depend at all on analogy, its millions of comets, leaving their train of splendor across the sky. How must we, then, multiply the vast number which I have mentioned, in order to reach a correct estimate of the bodies that people the heavens above us! And now consider the fact already stated, that the center of the universe is far beyond the realms thus inhabited, and that worlds at least equally numerous exist beyond that point. But the wings of imagination, already wearied, refuse to carry us further into the regions that thus pass computation or conception.

Of these worlds, is it likely that ours alone is inhabited? Those orbs above us, were they created merely for the amusement of the astronomer? Such a supposition is absurd. We believe that each of the worlds scattered through space is the abode of countless beings like ourselves, the product of creative energy, and destined to an endless duration.

IV. Viewed in the light of these considerations, how insignificant does this world appear? We think of it as the center of being;

we dream that all else exists for this earth; but in reality, how small a place does it hold in creation! A handful of dust is of more importance, in comparison with this earth, than is our orb in comparison with the universe. The earth might cease to exist, and its loss would not be known beyond the narrow confines of our system. The sun, with all its attendant planets, might be blotted from being, and not an eye could note its disappearance, save that the scientific observer in some distant world might remark the absence of a body so small that its existence had hardly been detected, just as science tells us from time to time, that a star of inconsiderable magnitude has ceased to be visible.

Behold! ye who long for the world, and devote to its acquisition the energies of your entire being, behold the vanity of this earth! If you gain it, with all that it may offer you, you will only have gained that which is utterly inconsiderable in the view not only of superior intelligences, but of beings of our own mental and moral stature, who inhabit other portions of our universe.

And how insignificant is man! How small his stature, how slight his power, how limited his intelligence, how brief his duration! His years are hardly the days of those bright worlds above. How small the portion of the universe which he may call his own! His utmost acquisitions are as nothing, when compared with the measureless resources of infinity. It is only by reason of his immortality that he is great. It is his soul only that gives him dignity in the scale of being.

V. And on the other hand, what a conception does a just view of the universe give us of the greatness and dignity of God! How infinite is the Being, of whom the universe, with all its immensity, is but the feeblest and most inadequate representative! How vast is the power, that by a single volition called into existence all these unnumbered worlds and systems! How absolute is his omnipresence, who is every where throughout all his realm, who presides by his immediate presence over each atom, and whose omniscience marks with infallible scrutiny each event, however inconsiderable, that transpires in the most secret recesses of space! Who can escape his eye? Who can defy his power? How endless is his duration, of which the almost unlimited periods marked by the movements of the worlds, are not the days, no, not the hours! How unwearied is his care, that forgets not one among all his creatures, but watches over the least of them with a providence that suffers not a sparrow to fall unheeded! How reverend is the holiness, that through his multiform dealings with beings passing all computation, has never been sullied with a blemish, nor charged with an imperfection! How unmeasured is that love which embraces all the inhabitants of those numberless orbs, as well as those who have peopled them in time past and are now in

the spiritual world, and all those yet to appear, who now are veiled by futurity from every finite eye!

If such be the light, my brethren, that is thrown on the character of God, by the revelations of science and by the advances in human knowledge, ought not our own devotions to be proportionately purified and elevated? We are without excuse if we do not pay to God a worship more pure, and a service more worthy, than were ever offered by the people of any former time. Compare for a moment the view we may gain of the divine character from our observation of the skies, with that which they conveyed to the ancients. They believed that the heavens were an arch of solid matter, in which the luminous points which appear were immovably fixed. What idea could they have of the being and character of the Creator compared with that which we may derive from our knowledge of the infinite expanse above us, in whose unlimited depths the worlds are suspended, revolving at the command of Omnipotence, and executing without perturbation all of their varied and ceaseless movements? They believed that the milky-way was but a stain on the blue vault, the mark left by the milk which the nurse of Jupiter spilled when feeding the infant divinity. You know that yon broad and snowy path across the azure sky is composed of the diffused light of suns too distant to be separately distinguished by human organs. How elevated then should be our thoughts of God, how devout our service, how pure our worship, and how glowing the devotion which we should render to the Being who, though thus exalted, admits us to the most intimate and endearing relations with himself!

VI. When we consider the magnitude of the universe and the exaltation of its Creator, as compared with the littleness and insignificance of man, we are overwhelmed with a sense of the divine condescension, especially as manifested in the atonement. "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Behold on the one hand the infinite God, filling all immensity with his presence, of a duration that is from everlasting to everlasting, of holiness unsullied, of attributes so exalted that the highest praise which mortal can render to him only detracts from his glory by its inadequacy and unworthiness. Behold on the other hand, this world, inconsiderable in its magnitude, the loss of which, if it were blotted from existence, would not be felt among the hundreds of millions of brighter worlds. Behold its inhabitants, limited in duration to a brief span, feeble, ignorant, dependent, insignificant! Now, for this world, for these beings, for each member of this race, God condescends to exercise a providential care, as peculiar as though there were, in the whole universe besides, no

other being to claim his protection. But is this all? The members of this race fall into sin; they become debased and morally revolting. Does the Deity now regard them with abhorrence? Does he sweep them into the abyss of nonentity whence his voice called them? Does he without delay or respite consign the race to the abode of despair, where, lifting up their eyes in torment, they shall all involuntarily glorify God by attesting the awful severity of his holiness? Draw near and see. The great God leaves his throne of glory; leaves not the ninety and nine, but the ninety and nine millions, that went not astray; descends to the earth, takes the form of a servant, and bows himself in submission to the agony of the cross. Awe and amazement seize me as I utter these words. Condescension unearthly, infinite, Godlike! Angels and archangels may well stand in reverent and abashed adoration when these matchless words are uttered: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

But we have not yet exhausted the scenes of wonder connected with this grand event. The work is done, the agony endured. The love of God attested by this deed is proclaimed to the world. Man is besought to love God, to give him his heart, to make this slight return, the only one in his power, for this display of infinite compassion. He refuses. He rejects Christ. He will not cherish an emotion of gratitude towards the divine Saviour who suffered for him. The offers, the invitations, the entreaties of the Gospel are pressed in vain upon those for whom Christ died. "Be astonished, O heavens! and be horribly afraid: be ye very desolate, saith the Lord." What spectacle does the universe present more strange, more abhorrent, more appalling?

I appeal to yonder bright celestial witness. Answer me, blazing star of night. Pause but an instant, ere you vanish from our view forever. Leave not unfulfilled your mission and message. Whence art thou? When did thy course begin? Whither dost thou wander next? What regions hast thou traversed? What visions of immensity and splendor have been thine, and what most marvelous and fearful sight hast thou beheld in all thy wanderings?

From the still heights above, from among the shining orbs through which yon wanderer pursues his way, a voice falls "like a falling star." Hark! hear its accents: "I began my course with the birth of time—the hand of Deity gave me impulse, and zealous to perform his lofty mandates, I commenced my measureless journey. Starting from the distant borders of the universe, far beyond the remotest star, I have traversed all space and all time. In my course I have seen all the wonders of the universe, its rolling orbs and bright starry hosts. I passed near the 'grated doors of hell. I caught its agonized groanings, and fled far from its disma

confines. I ascended heavenward, until the light blazing from the celestial portals eclipsed my lesser brightness. I heard the an-thems sounding from the lips of the redeemed. I could not, uninvited, enter those domains, and I turned reluctantly away. All this I have seen; but there is one sight, stranger and more amazing than aught else that I have witnessed in my wide and ceaseless wanderings. Gazing downward from the realms of perfect purity, I saw far off a single world, well-nigh invisible in the immensity of space among the myriads of brighter orbs, rebelling against God with futile yet malevolent defiance of his holiness and love. I waited to hear the Creator speak the word that should put an end to its existence, that should bid all its elements return to their primeval and separate being. When lo! the Lord of light, the brightness of the Father's glory, laid aside his majesty, took a human form, the form of a servant, and shed his blood for man's pardon, redemption, and eternal happiness. I drew near to see the objects of this love without a parallel, accept its offers with grateful, tearful adoration. I saw them turn away and reject the proffered pardon. I saw them filled with enmity toward the Being by whom this matchless goodness was shown, hating him and his character alike, preferring to disobey him even at the peril of measureless woe, rather than obey him with the promise of infinite bliss. This is the strangest and most fearful sight I have ever witnessed. Horror-struck, I bid the earth farewell forever. Better the void of space, however tenantless and desolate, than the vicinity of a world abandoned to the baseness of ingratitude."

My friends, when you gaze this evening upon the glory of the western sky, let its beauty awaken your gratitude to Him whose love has provided for you this source of happiness; let its unweary and undeviating performance of the will of its Author, afford you an example of obedience, and remind you of the unshaken supremacy of God's law; let the magnitude of the universe of which that bright body, vast as it seems, forms but an inconsiderable member, suggest to you worthy and ennobling conceptions of the Creator; and let the remembrance of his condescension, of his matchless mercy, subdue your long-cherished sinfulness, and awaken you to repentance, faith, and love. Thus shall the heavens declare to you the glory of God, and the firmament show to you his handiwork.

SERMON XXXV.*

BY REV. W. A. SCOTT, D.D.

TWO WORLDS UNITED.

"MANY shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—DAN. 12 : 4.

"Canst thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"
—JOB 38 : 35.

THIS day, fellow-citizens, is this Scripture fulfilled in our ears and before our eyes. Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increased. Both clauses of the text are true, and both verified in our day, and the one is the cause of the other, and the action is reciprocal. Many run to and fro, because knowledge is increased, and knowledge is increased because many run to and fro. I stop not here to inquire into the difference between ancient and modern civilization, nor to show how the text is fulfilled in the increase of human knowledge in relation to the globe, its land and seas, nor in relation to our increased means and speed of travel and trade, nor of our knowledge of the sciences and laws of nature.

Imagine, if you can, the contrast between Adam leading Eve out of Eden, on foot, with but little covering, and all the world before him where to choose his home, with the condition of his posterity to-day—the world as seen from the portals guarded by the flaming cherubim, and as seen from our high places of thought, invention, and improvement. Men traveled, at first, from place to place on foot. Then they subdued animals, and made asses, mules, camels, horses, and oxen carry them, their "notions," and little ones. Their first journeyings seem to have been along water-courses, and then becoming a little bolder by successful adventure, they crossed mountain divides from one valley to another, and, in process of time, passed from one great river or plain to another, and turned the heads of bays, and passed around inland seas. The traditions of almost all the human races refer to such migrations, and almost all such traditions point to the interior of Asia, the highlands of Armenia, circumjacent to Ararat, on which Noah's ark rested, as the cradle of our race. These traditions relate, also, not merely to mankind, but to the fruits, and grains, and animals that they chiefly use. The same traditions that speak of the ori-

* A discourse delivered in Calvary Church, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 19th, 1858, first Sunday after receiving in San Francisco the intelligence that the cable was successfully laid.

gin and migration of the human races from their Asiatic cradle, also speak of their deriving grains, fruits, and domestic animals from the same sources. It is plain, then, that it is not traditionally correct to say, as one or two of our savans do, that there have been a great many Adams and Eves—how many they do not agree—but several pairs, at least, instead of one, as we understand the Bible to teach. Nor is it historically correct. With one or two exceptions, which are easily explained, the inhabitants of islands and continents, called aborigines, have not professed to have had their origin on the soil, nor out of it. They all deny that they are "indigenous races," and claim to have descended from superior beings—ancestors greater and better than themselves, who lived in some distant land. In the exceptions referred to, the motive was, to prove so great an antiquity, that no other people could be found who were older than themselves. In process of time came the migrations of men by caravans across deserts, and then by ships from one headland to another, until, by coasting, they became so skillful in the management of keels and sails, that they were able to reach islands out in the sea, and finally to cross from continent to continent, and to circumnavigate the globe. Then came an improvement in ship-building, and the railroad, and then an improvement again in ship-building, and the use of steam on the ocean; and now comes the lightning line overland and beneath the widest seas, binding together in one pulsation the great commercial hearts of Christendom, which is but another name for civilisation, with all its arts and science, peace and liberty.

The great poet of misanthropy, then, was in error when he said that though man could "mark the earth with ruin, his control stops with the ocean's shore," for the ocean itself has become the highway of man's commerce and of man's thoughts. It has furnished a bed already provided to man's hand for a slender wire by which Europe and America are knit together, and its deep chambers have become a whispering gallery, along whose vaulted corridors his thought and wishes run "swift as electric flames." It is impossible to grasp this subject in its beauty and magnitude. The ocean itself, whose deep chambers the rude faith of the early heathen filled with gods, is now the highway of Christian thought. The lightnings of heaven are submerged to run as couriers between the nations, carrying their thoughts and greetings from continent to continent.

II. The first thought that this subject suggests is, that we should give thanks to God for the success that crowned the labors of our fellow-men engaged in this great work. When the Atlantic was wedded to the Pacific by the iron rail—we called it the wedding-ring—we did not fail to make our acknowledgments to Almighty God, and our congratulations to our fellow citizens, for the nup-

tials, and already, on more than one occasion, have I anticipated the union of California with Shanghai and the Amoor river by steam, and now, with increased confidence, both by steam and electricity.

When we received the intelligence, by the last mail, that the undertaking had been most probably crowned with success, I took occasion to say that, if it were so, it was only another illustration of the fact, that God's laws were every where, and every where benign and to be relied upon. The ladder of thought by which Newton and La Place climbed up to the highest heavens was raised from the ground by God's laws—every inch and round of it. And the telescope, every particle of it, and its power of bringing distant objects near, is nothing but a combination of the laws of God. The laws of nature, and the properties of matter, are expressions of his will. They are his gifts. Science has triumphed. But the science which has triumphed is God's gift. The same hand that hung the rainbow over the ruins of the flood, now guides the lightnings of heaven in their passage under the waves of the sea. As in the building of the Hebrew tabernacle in the wilderness God filled those that were wise-hearted with wisdom, and understanding, and knowledge, in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship, (Exod. 31 : 3-5,) so, in like manner, has God blessed the genius, and science, and courage, and perseverance of our fellow-men, and crowned their undertaking with complete success. All honor and gratitude due to mortals, and, I hope, more substantial rewards to our scientific countrymen and the liberal merchant-princes of New-York, and their collaborators in Great Britain, by whom this work has been achieved ; but surely it calls also for prayer and praise to Almighty God, whose way is in the sea, and who doeth his will in the armies of heaven. It is our duty and privilege to acknowledge God in this great work. The commander was right in offering prayer as they landed with the cable, and in exclaiming, as he did, in briefly announcing success : "To God be all the praise." Yes, the heart of the American people, over this vast continent, is as the heart of one man in rejoicing and giving God thanks. Our public functionaries, our literary institutions and societies, and prayer-meetings, and newspapers, and associations of every kind, have expressed their joy in a becoming manner, and most of them have acknowledged the benign providence of God in it. And I should myself rejoice, if our President should issue a proclamation for a national thanksgiving, and that it might be so arranged that Great Britain and the whole world should join in the great International Jubilee. And I believe the angels of heaven would sympathize in such a jubilee. I do not see well how we can over-estimate this achievement. I

know the great inscription on our phylacteries, and our daily litany is: What will pay, what will increase our rents, and our commissions, and our interest? And I know it is also asked, what good will this Ocean Telegraph do California, or the United States? for it is far away, and both ends are on British soil. We are even told that we must hold back our jubilations till the line terminates in our own city. I am unable to enter into such narrow views. They are altogether suicidal. As a man, a brother to the immortal men by whose mental efforts, uniting, and working together, from age to age, and country to country, this achievement is given as a net result, I should rejoice if the termini were as far off as the Hercules Pillars of the vast creation, or were like the feet of an Apocalyptic angel, one in the sun, and the other in the moon. Yes, I desire that my mind may be elanced from all sectional, and even national feelings, in contemplating a work so vast, and expressive of so much mind, and of so many concurring benign providences. The Ocean Telegraph is not a mere complimentary post between Her Majesty and our Chief Magistrate, for both of whom I can say, from the heart, every day: God save them! It is a work for all men and for all ages to come. All men are brothers. They must advance together in every good work. I rejoice as a Californian, as an American, and as a man—as a citizen of the globe—in what the Lord hath done, and hath enabled Great Britain and America to do.

III. I am aware, however, that our Lord tells us of some who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; and that their lineal descendants, having swallowed the camel, expend their remaining strength in deciding what is authority between trifles, or as to the mint and cummin. With such people there is no progress, no liberty in prayer nor in praise; with them, a sermon under the press of the nineteenth century, must be as dry as it was, or should have been, in the first century. Their utterances of piety are stereotyped, and their deliverances of truth stereotyped and electrotyped by their own illumination and experience. It is the decree of such people, that if their fathers balanced the meal-bag by a stone in one end, we should do so too; that no reference should be had, in religious worship, to passing events or earthly objects. What, then, are we to say of the prophets, and especially of the Great Teacher himself? Are not the illustrations of his discourses drawn from the people, their condition, and the objects of life with which they were familiar? How often did he commission the flower and the sparrow—the mustard-seed and the fowls of heaven—the landlord and the husbandman—the eagle and the wind—the lightning and the tempest, to utter his messages? And what are we to understand by his references to the manna, to the brazen serpent, and to the tower of Siloam that fell upon some of the sin-

ners of Jerusalem, and to the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices? What but that he thought this the best way of reaching the minds of the people? He who knows what is in man, thought it best to employ parables and illustrations from nature, and the people heard him gladly.

If with these examples any doubt remains as to the propriety of making the union of two worlds by the Ocean Telegraph, a theme for pulpit remarks, that doubt must give place to the authority of the text. What is it but a prophecy of our times and of the events of our age, delivered in "Babylon, the great city," by an exiled Hebrew seer, twenty-five hundred years ago? If it ever had a fulfillment nearer home, it never has had a more literal and ample one than in our day.

Even if, as some interpreters will have it, the text is a prophecy confined to and centering in Antiochus, and the events of his reign, still it is an utterance remarkably applicable to our times. The Hebrew for run to and fro, means, literally, to make diligent search for something. It does not mean what too many are in the habit of doing, to run through a book—that is, glance over its index and pages, and then come in at the death—but to make diligent search after its contents. It is not enough, then, that men run hither and thither, changing their localities merely for pleasure or gain or idle curiosity. The meaning is, that, in their traveling and in their researches, the object should be to increase knowledge—that is, the knowledge of God, and of his word and works, and that this should be diligently sought for, for the sake of glorifying him and of doing good to our fellow-men. As it is well known "a rolling stone gathers no moss," not even in a land of gold; so it is not every one that runs to and fro that becomes wise. Diligence, humility, and prayer are necessary. They that wait upon God, in the way of his judgments, shall know the signs of the times.

Of the text, we may say, as Bishop Newton exclaimed concerning it: "What an amazing prophecy is this! comprehending so many and so various events, extending through so many ages!" And the more it comprehends and the better it is understood, the more amazing and the more divine it will appear. Nor can I conceive of stronger or more convincing proofs of divine providence and a divine revelation. If, indeed, there any stronger proof both of a divine providence and of a divine revelation, it is seen in the history of the Jews in the days of Esther, their day of atonement, and the observance of their feast of Purim, and other distinctive nationalities, throughout the globe to this day.

It is possibly implied in the text, that one reason why some things are communicated to mankind in prophecies, by visions of distant and future events that can not be fully known till the events transpire and reveal themselves, is to awaken the human mind to

inquiry, and by inquiry to lead to important discoveries and inventions. For as he shoots higher who aims at the moon, than if he aimed at a lower object, so even when the power of the human intellect has failed to unveil the prophecies before the event, the effort of human genius and learning has contributed greatly to human progress. Who can tell how much Newton was indebted to his study of the prophecies for his discoveries in Astronomy? The exercise of his intellectual powers upon the great themes of Revelation, (for he wrote a large work on the prophecies,) had doubtless a powerful tendency to discipline them for the laborious pursuit of scientific truth. It was by patient thought, sustained by confidence in the Supreme Maker of the world, that he carried the line and the plummet and the torch of discovery to the outskirts of the universe, and weighed stars and planets as if they had been marbles in his hand. It must never be forgotten that no man was more childlike than Sir Isaac Newton. It was by much prayer, and with the teachableness of a little child, he found his way to the sublime heights of philosophy and revelation; for he was as diligent a student of the word of God as he was of the works and laws of God in the natural world. It may be that the prophecies grow clearer as we approach their fulfillment—that we may understand some prophecies better than our fathers did; but then this is no ground for pride, for our children may understand them better than we do. It is he that humbles himself that is exalted. We must study the word and the works of God with diligence, and with upright and pure hearts. The wise understand what the ungodly do not, because their lusts and passions, even when they do not enfeeble the mind, they prejudice it against the truth.

And he that will do the will of God, says the great Saviour, shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or not.

IV. I look upon this achievement as a most happy illustration of the power of mind over mind, and of mind over matter. This part of our subject can not now be dwelt upon, except as we see it in the submarine telegraph to Europe. First, there is thought—thoughts ethereal, impalpable—expressed in letters or imparted by the lips to the elastic air, which carries them to the ear of another. But if it is desired that the thoughts that are translated into words shall be permanent, they are written; and to write them we have characters invented, and by these our thoughts, that seem to be as intangible as the essence of spices, are made visible to the eye, or uttered with emphasis by the mouth. And by the art of using letters, and putting them together in words, and uttering them from the lips, the orator sways listening thousands, winning by his persuasions, or storming the castle of their hearts by his thunder. Or as another has expressed it by another process, "the fleeting wavelets of the air are crystallized into a most marvelous

permanence, and become imperishable gems of thought, whose lustre no lapse of time can obscure; while, by the union of both, this incomprehensible being, the mind, gently wooed from the inmost chambers of our natures, comes forth like a bride adorned for her lordly spouse, the word; clad in the rich vesture of conversation, of argument, of eloquence, of poetry, of song; to walk with him the busy or the secluded paths of life; to instruct and delight the rising generations; ethereal essences as they are, to out-live columns of brass and pyramids of granite; and to descend in eternal youth the unending highways of the ages."

The transmission of intelligence by the electric wire is nothing without letters and words. The telegraph is like the pen, like the press, like the mouth—a mere apparatus for sending intelligence from one place to another. The great wonder in all this is the power of expressing thoughts by language. It is by this machinery that we are in communication with the living world, and with the vast congregations of the dead, especially with the few mighty dead, whose glowing hearts and great minds worked for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. It is by the expression of thought in letters, and the preservation of them as embalmed in a written and printed language, that we are able to-day to put ourselves in communication with Moses when he was in communion with the living God, and to hear the Son of God uttering his unparalleled beatitudes on the Mount. It is by the power of written and printed language that we hold communion and fellowship with the thoughts and emotions of prophets and sages, orators and poets—with Isaiah and Demosthenes, Paul and Cicero, Dante and Milton.

And it is by the use of language as the channel of thought that America is now in communication with Europe—the old and the new world are united by a copper wire, stronger than a chain of granite hills. How truly wonderful that a copper wire conveys thought—through the fathomless waters, where no human eye has penetrated—that elemental sparks should shoot with fiery speed from continent to continent, undaunted by the wrecks of sunken galleons and thundering armaments, and the grim monsters that play in the nether seas. Oh! what wonders should we see if it were possible for us travel along the wire across the Atlantic and have the power of sight as when we cross it in a steamer!

V. Again this achievement will have a great moral and religious result. The time was when a Christian poet lamented that—

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, which had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

But this day has gone down the skies forever. The electric tie that bind us to the mother country will hasten the advance of civilization and Christianity, and of course promote the offices of good neighborhood amongst the nations of both continents. I speak not in this place particularly of the result of this achievement upon language, literature, science, and commerce, though I believe the results will be great in respect of every one of these interests. And as our continent is now in sympathy, pulsating in responsive emotions hour by hour with the great world on the other side of the waters, so shall we be bound by God's blessing, and probably within one year from this time, by a similar tie to our brethren over the mountains, and with them to Europe. Our skies are brightening! I begin again to look for great things for these radiant shores. A lustrum will not pass before the celestial merchant of Sacramento street will be able to read, over his morning dish of tea, the news from Peking of the preceding evening, and the Consul of the Czar of all the Russias, and of the Emperor Napoleon, and of Her Britannic Majesty, for the city of the Golden Gate, at his breakfast will read over the proceedings of the Imperial Parliament up to twelve o'clock of the night previous.

VI. There are many stand-points from which to look upon this work, for the termini of the telegraph are not "Valentia and Trinity Bays, but every shop, counting-room, and fire-side on both continents." It is to work for the world, and for every man and woman in it, if not directly yet indirectly. Its effects will be seen on the Exchange and in the amenities of good society, and in the warm breathings of affection. Nor will its use in diplomacy be less palpable. Already I have seen it stated that if the telegraph had been in use the money panic of last year would have been prevented.

Nor do I believe we should have had the war of 1812; for one of the causes of that war, and perhaps the most aggravating one, was the "Orders in Council," by which our trade with Europe and the freedom of the seas was put in jeopardy. But, in point of fact, the British Cabinet had repealed those orders before our declaration of war, 18th June, 1812; but it was unknown and not expected at Washington.

And if I were a statesman or a national politician, I should say that no event since the Declaration of Independence has occurred in American history that is so likely to produce greater results in Europe. Since God has ordained that Adams, Washington, Witherspoon, Franklin, Jay, Hamilton, and Jefferson, with their co-laborers, sages, and patriots, and soldiers, should organize a government out of the people and for the people—a system of self-government upon this continent, and since it has pleased the Sovereign Ruler of worlds to preserve our government, and to grant us such unparalleled prosperity, one of the great diffi-

culties in extending our influence as a free and self-governing people has been to get in close communion with Europe. And as the system of self-government under which we live is not understood in Europe, it is not strange that great errors have been committed in attempts to achieve results like those of our Revolution in 1776. Good men in Europe have seen the prize at a distance, they have been dazzled by the sheen of our Republic, and they have struggled through seas of blood to make one like it for themselves and for their children, but they have failed, and in many cases, as it was with the first attempts of Moses and Aaron to free their countrymen from Egyptian bondage, they have only made the burdens of the people heavier, their tasks greater, and their chains more galling. But to my mind the lightning telegraph between the old and the new hemisphere will act most powerfully in bringing the masses of the people into contact with our thoughts and feelings, and as a result prepare them to enjoy institutions like ours. It seems to me that Providence has wisely ordained that the electric wire should regenerate the political ideas of all the world. For, first, the political ideas that meet the wants of mankind have been embodied and happily put into practice on this continent. And, secondly, to this continent belongs also the honor of making the discovery that the lightning of the skies and the electricity of the earth is one and the same thing, and then of making this lightning the courier of human thoughts. Is it not a curious coincidence that while Adams and Jefferson in their closets were studying out a model of government based on the rights of man, and preparing to offer to mankind the reasons why the American colonies ought to be free and independent of Great Britain, that at the same a mechanic, a printer, Benjamin Franklin by name, in the city of Philadelphia, was making a discovery that has made the most fearful element of nature subservient to man's will? I have no political shibboleth, but if I were to adopt a watchword in view of these facts, it would be, not that "Americans shall rule America," but as a New-York statesman has said, mine would be that nobler ambition, that "American mind, American opinions, American systems shall rule throughout the earth."

VII. Our text stands in immediate connection with a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, and yet, at that time, the prophet says, Jehovah shall deliver his people. And then it will be found that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever. Then the prophet is commanded to "shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end—many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

From which we see that it is a divine rule to keep some things

secret until the time for their manifestations have fully come. Revealed things belong to us and to our children, but secret things belong to God, and both are for our good, that we may do all the words of his law. (Deut. 29 : 29.) It was by special favor that Daniel had knowledge of future events, and it was for the edification of the Church of God in future ages, that he was commanded to write them down, and that they were preserved from the profane. As the prophecy had reference to events very distant, according to Hebrew usage he was commanded to seal it up.

Now, in the four memorable events of this year—thus far—we see an illustration of this rule. These events have nothing common in their character, but all converging upon a common object, and that object, as I believe, is the overthrow of idolatry and infidelity, and the diffusion of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The first of these events is the rebellion in British India, which burst like an angry cloud over that vast empire, and to human appearance was likely to sweep away every vestige of British power after it had been growing in conquests for a hundred years; but this rebellion will be entirely subdued before the year closes, and the power and arts of a great Christian nation, the banner-bearing nation of evangelical truth in Europe, be more firmly established than ever, both in Asia and China, and all her vast dependencies round the globe.

The second event is the successful exploration of a large part of the African continent, and the consequent opening up of vast regions of its interior to trade and missionary enterprise among a dense population. Read Barth, Anderssen, and Livingston.

The third event to which I allude is the great awakening in our country to the realities of vital godliness. And in regard to this event there are two things that strike me as extraordinary: the first is, that it began, as it were, without any human contrivance, and when no one seemed to be expecting it, and that its chief agents have been laymen, proving that it is not the machinery of cunning priests. The second is, that this revival work begun just at the time that the exulting note of defiance and contempt from the Infidel School, of which the *Westminster Review* is the organ, was raised to its highest pitch. The Infidel had been saying, and had so often repeated the saying, that he had almost come to believe it himself, and not a few were almost persuaded it might be true, that the world had advanced far above and beyond Christianity; that it had lost its powers—had become obsolete, and would have to be abandoned for some new religion that would have power to meet the necessities of mankind. The enemy was exultant in consigning God's word to the fossil remains and huge debris of past systems and schools. He was loud in calling for a new revelation—a new religion, because the old was worn out,

effete, and no longer able to satisfy the human heart or intellect. When behold God poured out his spirit, and thousands are converted, and become living monuments, that He who sitteth in the heavens shall laugh and hold in derision the rage of the heathen, and the vain imaginings of the wise of this world against HIS ANOINTED, whom he hath exalted a Prince and a Saviour, whose blood still cleanseth us from all sin.

And the fourth event is the union of the old world with the new by the Atlantic submarine telegraph. I regard this achievement as second to no event of which our globe is cognizant since the heavenly host on the plains of Bethlehem sang praises to God, saying: GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN. Nor does it seem that any achievement is more worthy of devout and universal thanksgiving, or that any event should awaken the rejoicing of the Christian world more heartily, till it is proclaimed by great voices from Heaven, saying: ALLELUIA! THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST; AND HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER.

This review of events shows us that war opens one continent to the arts of Christian civilization and the preaching of the Gospel: science opens another, and the Holy Spirit quickens the third, and Divine prescience and Providence, working through British and American skill, unites the old continents to the new one thus quickened, at the very time that such an event would seem to be most propitious for the triumph of truth and the progress of mankind. And thus fulfilling what we have said is the divine rule, namely, to keep hid or conceal in safety some things till the time proper for their bringing forth. It is thus the kernel is kept in the shell, and the seed in the hull, till the time for its sprouting comes. And according to the same rule, the tiny infancy of plants, beasts, and birds is protected by a thousand most ingenious and benevolent contrivances until in maturity, or at least with greater strength, they are trusted to take care of themselves. The same rule is seen in the history of God's ancient people. They live in Egypt and in the wilderness till the Canaanites' cup is full, and till they themselves are so disciplined that they may be trusted with the conquest of the land promised to their fathers. And so also in the preparation of the world for the great advent of God's own Son. He came in the fullness of time—the time of all other periods before or since the best suited for his manifestation. And just so, if we run along the ages past, we find the same rule applicable. Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars in the fullness of time. The Crusaders again awakened Christendom after the Moslem conquest and the sleep of Islam. Trade, commerce, arts and letters began to revive, printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the recovery of the classics, and such like elements, worked

on and worked out the fullness of time for the Reformation; and in the mean time the forests of this continent have grown, the red man has failed to cultivate it and to render the fruits thereof to his Maker, and, consequently, the curse of the Canaanites of old has fallen upon him. Their tribes and nations begin to fulfill God's judgment against them by going to war among themselves, and famine and plague carry on the desolating work, that there might be room for other husbandmen—another people; and when that people are prepared to emigrate hither and plant here the institutions of the Cross, then He who commanded light to shine out of darkness, commanded Columbus to reveal to Castile and Leon, and to mankind, the world he had kept hidden for ages behind old ocean's heavy clouds. The same rule is seen in the discovery of the passage of Good Hope, and in the invention of steam and the use of electricity as a news-carrier. And perhaps the conquest of this coast by our arms, and the discovery of its gold-fields, is an illustration of our position as strong as any other of modern times. Yes, brethren, I believe in progress, whenever the pillar-cloud of Providence moves and leads the way.

Finally. There is something our savans are not able to explain in the working of the electric current. There is no one able to tell us why, or what, or how it is, but the fact is plain, and the result most astonishing. How like the description of the inspired Psalmist, in speaking of the works of creation praising God: "No speech nor language, their voice is not heard—their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Just so the electric wire. It swings high in the air, from post to post, like the thread of a spider's web—it stretches from cape to cape, and goes down into the deep places of the sea—and is silent yet eloquent; dumb itself, and yet conveys living words from world to world.

Wonderful, and rapid, and mysterious as the electric communion of continents and nations, islands and seas really is, it suggests to us another, no less real, and more important and more wonderful. Our whole world is found lying in the field of the universe in wickedness, nay, up in rebellion against its Maker and Supreme Ruler. How can his throne be maintained in holiness, justice, goodness and truth, and yet mercy be offered to the guilty? Deep seas and fathomless gulfs seem to lie between the ineffable Goodness and our sin-ruined world. Who will undertake to open up communication with the rebellious, and offer them their Maker's love and pardon? It was then the Son of God himself said: Here am I, O Father Almighty! send me. The way is great, and the work is difficult; but I will go. And with my own arm I will bring deliverance. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The connecting chain of everlasting love is complete. The communication is perfect. The atonement is made. The work of Christ, as the one only Mediator, is accepted. There is a way open from earth to heaven—a way clear and plain, and quickly made, from the sinner's heart to the Throne of Mercy. And the eternal Spirit of God is constantly plying along this great line. The current of everlasting love and of saving grace flows freely from the blood and upon the merits and mediation of Christ. And so various and so swift are the communications, that there is joy in heaven and among the angels the moment one sinner repents. But who can tell where heaven is? Is it away above fields of space, and beyond suns and stars? Is it the great center of the universe, to which, astronomers tell us, our whole planetary system is continually tending? Wherever it is, the moment a poor sinner believes in Christ, angels fly from sphere to sphere, till all the ranks of angels and redeemed souls in glory rejoice together, and the city of God is illuminated for joy over the salvation of one of our lost race. And so in prayer there is a passing of communications swifter than electric speed between the mercy-seat and the heart of the penitent believer.

As I said the other night at the meeting of the City Tract Society, I have had a greater desire to have twenty-five years added to my life, since the successful termination of this telegraph cable, than I have ever felt before, just that I might see what great things God will yet do in this world of ours for his Church and his people. For as sure as the Lord liveth, the earth is to be filled with his glory, as the waters cover the sea. MESSIAH shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. The promise of the Father Almighty is, that the heathen shall be given to him for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. Oh! how glorious are our times! How exalted our privileges! We are on the eve of still greater events—great events for our world, for our continent, and for this vast coast. The angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach, is flying through the midst of heaven, and the beginning of the end has come. He whose right it is to reign King of nations, as he is King of saints, will set up his kingdom, and all nations and tribes and peoples will flow into it, and righteousness and peace shall fill the earth, and the redeemed, both Jew and Gentile, will crown HIM LORD OF ALL. Amen and Amen!